Enter three Gentlemen, bearing him.

1. *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts iarre on your tongue.
Your selfe to staine the honour of your Wife,
Nobly discended; those whom men call mad,
Endangers others, but hee's more then mad
That wounds himselfe, whose owne words
Do proclaime it is not fit, I pray forsake it.

2. *Gent,* Good sir, let modesty reproue you.

3. *Gent.* Let honest kindnes sway so much with you.

Hu. God den, I thanke you sir, how do you? adieu, I am glad to see you, farwell Instructions, Admonitions. *Exeunt Gent.*

Enter a seruant.

Hus. How now sirrha, what would you?

Ser. Onely to certifie you sir, that my Mistris was met by the way, by them who were sent for her vp to London by her honourable Vnckle, your Worships late gardian.

Hus. So sir, then she is gone, and so may you be,
But let her looke that the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant then her house at home. *Exit seruant.*

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hus. Who me? chide me? doo't finely then, let it not moue me, for if thou chidst me angry, I shal strike.

Gent. Strike thine owne follies, for it is they

Deserue to be well beaten; wee are now in priuate,
Ther's none but thou and I, thou art fond & peeuish,
An vncleane ryoter, thy landes and credite
Lie now both sicke of a consumption,
I am sorry for thee; that man spends with shame,
That with his riches doth consume his name,
And such art thou.

Hus. Peace.

Gent. No thou shalt heare me further.
Thy fathers and fore-fathers worthy honors,
Which were our Country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface,
The spring time of thy youth did fairely promise
Such a most fruitfull summer to thy friends
It scarse can enter into mens beleefes,
Such dearth should hang on thee, we that see it,
Are sorry to beleeue it: in thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurld:
Thou and the diuell has deceiu'd the world.

Hus. Ile not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy vertuous wife right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaimd a strumpet.

Hus. Nay then I know thee,
Thou art her Champion thou, her priuate friend,
The party you wot on.

Gent. Oh ignoble thought,
I am past my patient blood, shall I stand idle
And see my reputation toucht to death.

Hus. This has galde you, has it?